

A Fawcett Publication



Six-Gun Heroes

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NO. 4



IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE
DISAPPEARING
OUTLAWS!**



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



ROCKY LANE



SIX-GUN HEROES •

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON •

Editor
C. V. WOODS •

Art Editor
AL JETTAR

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPE MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOTO WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

HOPALONG CASSIDY
STARRING WILLIAM BOYD
in **BORROWED TROUBLE!**

WHEN HOPALONG CASSIDY DISCOVERS A FORTUNE IN GOLD HIDDEN BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND, TWIN RIVER'S FAMED FIGHTING SHERIFF HAS TO DO SOME OF HIS BEST DETECTING WITH HIS WITS AND FISTS TO BATTLE HIS WAY OUT OF **BORROWED TROUBLE!**

IN HOPALONG CASSIDY'S SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN TWIN RIVER...

WHAR ARE YUH GOING, HOPALONGS?

TO THE HILLS, MESQUITE! HUB WEBSTER SENT ME A NOTE ASKING ME TO COME OUT TO HIS SHACK! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

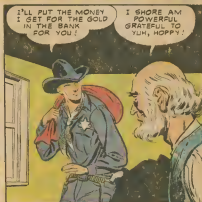
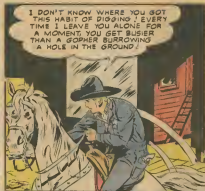
I'LL WHISTLE FOR TOPPER!

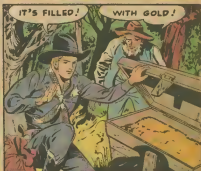
SHERIFF TWIN RIVER COUNTY JAIL

TWEET! TWEET!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

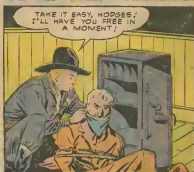
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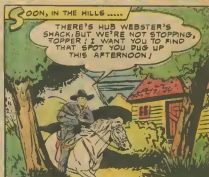


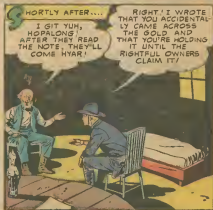
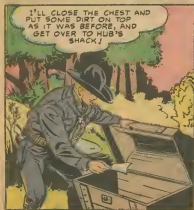
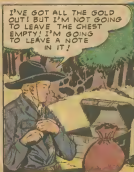
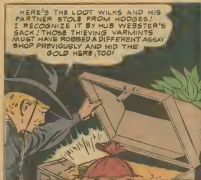


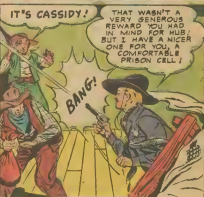
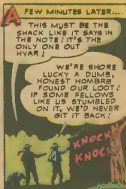


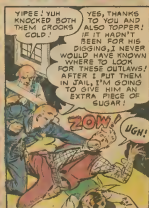
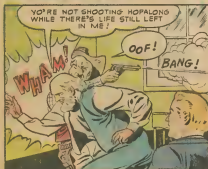


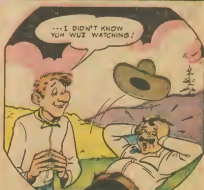












MIDNIGHT BOY

*A Fast-Moving Western**By Dick Kraus*

JOHN Parker looked up from his bed at his tow-haired young son. Impatiently, the rancher's hand plucked at the quilt that covered him. Even this slight movement brought a throbbing pain to the leg that lay tightly bound in splints beneath the quilts.

"I—I wish I could go with you, Tim," John Parker said. "But this blamed leg probably won't heal up for a month! And it'll be another couple of months before I can straddle a bronc again!"

Tim Parker smiled eagerly at his father. "Listen, Pa," he said. "You don't have to worry about a thing! I can ride herd on that bunch of mavericks in my sleep. I'll have them up to the depot by tomorrow noon and turn them over to the cattle agent there! We'll have the money for your doctor's bills . . . and your installment to the bank sure as blazes! Just to make sure, I'll ride Midnight Boy!"

"Midnight Boy?" The rancher shook his head determinedly. "You will not, Tim," he frowned. "That ornery cayusa is plumb pizen! If it hadn't been for his throwing me, I'd never have gotten my leg broken at all. And you've never been able to ride him. No, sir!" He shook his head again. "The horse you're riding when you take the herd to the depot is old Sal. She may be slow, but at least you can stay on her!"

His father's word was law! Two hours later, as Tim Parker rode out of the Circle P home spread, pushing eighty head of cattle before him, he was riding the old dun mare—Sal. But as he rode along at an easy lope, keeping the stragglers in, Tim kept thinking of Midnight Boy. There was a horse! Big, glossy, jet-black, fast as chain lightning and as spirited as a month-old colt.

But the black stallion was too spirited. The few times that Tim had tried to ride him, he had been promptly thrown. And it was because of Midnight Boy that his father had his leg broken and it was now up to Tim to

haze the herd to the railroad depot to turn them over to the cattle agent there.

Riding along beneath a clear blue sky with the red-backed cattle moving easily before him, Tim began to whistle. Even old Sal was trotting with more than her usual amount of energy.

It was then that the three riders came out of the little clump of oak that stood by the cattle trail.

Straight toward young Tim they rode, moving in a ground-covering canter. They were dressed in heavy sheepskin jackets, and their battered slouch hats were pulled down in front, shading their unshaven faces. Each of them carried a carbine in a saddle holster, and a Colt strapped to his thigh. The lead man, black-haired and hatchet-faced, raised his hand.

"Howdy, son," he began in a flat, hoarse voice. "Can you tell us . . . which is the best route to Craw's Junction?"

Tim Parker scratched his straw-colored hair, thinking.

"Well," he said, "just keep going the way you are, till you come to the coach road. Follow that right—until you come to a fork. Take the left turn, and stay with it all the way. I'd show you, except that I'm taking this herd to the railroad . . . and I'm all alone."

For the first time, the lead rider grinned. "All alone, eh?" he repeated. Suddenly, his visage grew grim, and his broad hand slapped down toward his thigh and came up with a steady-held revolver. "That's too bad because we're taking your herd, boy. And we're taking your boss, too, just to make sure you don't follow us! Hear me? Get off . . . pronto!"

Tim tensed in the saddle! The man was not fooling, and the gunsels behind him were ready to draw, too. They were common rustlers, bad hombres—and he had fallen into their trap! But he could not give up the herd. It would be the ruin of the Circle P ranch!

"No!" he muttered defiantly. "You can't

have them! They're all we've got . . . and you're not getting them!"

The outlaw kned his horse closer to the dun mare. He leaned over threateningly. "No? Can't have them?" Suddenly, his face twisted, and his heavy arm came about, slashing with the gunbutt against the side of young Tim's face. The boy tried to duck, but it was futile! He felt a stunning blow against his cheekbone. Reeling away, he slid down the side of the mare, slumping against the ground. In a daze, he heard the outlaw mutter, "That takes care of him! Let's get moving for the stage line, boys. Put a rope on his mare and we'll take her along, Lonnie! Just in case he wakes up, he won't be able to follow us!"

Lying there, head throbbing, Tim watched the rustlers move away, hazing the mavericks before them. Soon they were just tiny spots in the distance.

Dizzy, he rose to his feet, one hand clutching his aching temple and cheek!

The herd gone—stolen! And there was no chance of getting help, no way to cut off the outlaws, since they had taken old Sal with them. Unless—Tim's fists suddenly clenched! There was a way, if he could get back to the ranch in time!

Squaring his shoulders, he turned toward the ranch. It was about three miles away. Three miles of rolling prairie land. He began to jog, each step sending a shaft of pain lancing through his head. Gradually, the soreness began to lessen, and his strides became longer. He *had* to get back to the ranch on time!

SOON the ranch buildings were in sight! Tim did not swerve toward the main house, where he knew his father was asleep. Instead, he ran straight toward the corral. There, restless and pawing the earth in his stall was the great black horse, Midnight Boy! It was only a few weeks ago that John Parker had traded all the other horses in his string, intending to buy some fresh broncs soon. Now with Sal gone, the black horse stood alone.

Tim raised a slender hand to the stallion's shiny neck. Always high-spirited, the bronc threw his head back in pretended alarm. "Take it easy, Midnight Boy," the youth said. "I've got to get to the sheriff at Craw's Junction fast—and there's just one way for me to do it. You're the way!"

Moving carefully, he dropped a saddle blanket across the horse's back, and smoothed it out so there was no crease to cut the glossy side. Midnight Boy kicked nervously at the stall. Quickly Tim put a halter on him and

then slid a high-cantled western saddle across his back. No time to waste now. He strained hard, tightening the cinch strap. Then he led him outside, patting his side soothingly. "One foot in the stirrup . . . easy, boy . . . easy!"

With a sudden spring he vaulted into the saddle, legs gripping hard. Midnight Boy did not hesitate for a second. As he had so many times before, he sprang forward and began to crow-hop in great, ground-covering leaps, twisting sharply. For a few seconds Tim was able to hold on, clutching desperately at the reins. But then he lost his seat, and a final high lunge by the bronc sent him hurtling off through the air!

For a dizzying, spinning moment, he was falling, and then he landed—hard!

Groggy, he scrambled to his feet. Waves of pain were shooting through his head again, and there was the salty taste of blood in his mouth. He swallowed. Midnight Boy had quieted down and was standing a few yards from him, ears flattened back, a triumphant malice in his big eyes. Tim Parker twisted his shoulders, lowered his head, and started toward the bronc.

"Listen," he mouthed thickly. "The ranch depends on my getting to the sheriff on time! I'm riding you, Midnight Boy—and this time you . . . won't . . . stop . . . me!"

Again he held the rein in his hand. Again his scuffed cowboy boot found the stirrup and again he swung his right leg over the saddle. This time the black horse seemed to know that the showdown was at hand! Springing high in the air, he twisted about violently in an effort to dislodge the boy at once. But, fighting with every muscle in his body, Tim managed to cling to his back!

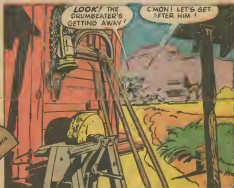
Finally the bucks became less and less violent and the boy knew that he had mastered the bronc! He reined him hard out of the corral and apurred him across the prairie. "Let's move, boy!" he husked. "We're heading for Craw's Junction!"

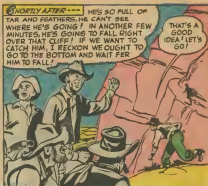
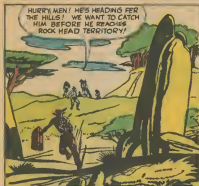
AS they raced across the level plain at top speed, Tim knew that they would get there in time to warn the sheriff—that there would be time to round up a posse and cut off the rustlers before they could cross the state line. The herd would be saved! Knowing this, he grew excited about it. And somehow he had the feeling that Midnight Boy was excited about it, too . . . for the big black horse was galloping as never before!

THE END

SMILEY BURNETTE

and THE MIRACLE DISCOVERY





THANKS FER STARTING THAT LANDSLIDE, STRANGER! ANOTHER FEW STEPS AND I'D HAVE FALLEN OVER THE CLIFF!

DRAT IT, YOU'RE HUMAN!



OF COURSE I'M HUMAN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



I COULDN'T MAKE ANY MONEY EXHIBITING YUH AT THE COUNTY FAIR! I THOUGHT YUH WERE A TALKING BEAR!



ARE YUH ALL THERE IN THE HEAD, STRANGER?



YOU'D A FINE ONE TO TALK! WHAT ARE YUH DOING IN THAT OUTFIT?



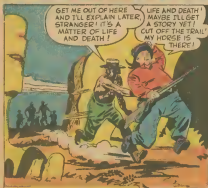
OH-SR--ER--I'M A MEDICINE MAN AND I'M TRYING OUT ONE OF MY NEW PRODUCTS!

IT'S AN AWFUL PECULIAR-LOOKING PRODUCT!



BUT, JUST THEN...

THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T FIND HIM BELOW! THAT PILE OF DIRT SAVED HIM FROM FALLING OVER! COMON! LET'S GET HIM NOW!

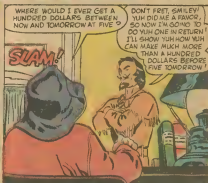


GET ME OUT OF HERE AND I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, STRANGER! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

LIFE AND DEATH! MAYBE I'LL GET A STORY YET! CUT OFF THE TRAIL! MY HORSE IS THERE!



GIDDAD RINGEYS! LET'S HEAD FOR BURNETTE'S BUGLE OFFICE WHERE WE CAN GET THIS MAN'S STORY IN PRIVATE!



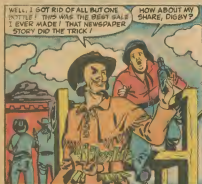
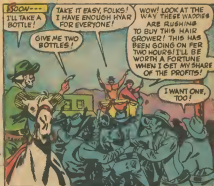


TABLE IN THE BUREAU OF PUBLIC OFFICE

I'D LIKE TO PRY OFF BANKER
WATSON AS FAST AS POS-
SIBLE, DIOBBY! SO GIVE
ME WHAT'S COMING TO
ME!

ALL RIGHT,
SMILEY!
BUT REMEM-
BER, YUH
ASKED FOR
IT!

CRASH!

HYAR'S WHAT'S
COMING TO
YOU!

1874

HIS HAIR IS BEGINNING
TO GO AND SO AM I /

AS SMILEY RECOVERS...

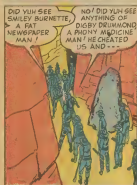
THAT CIRT
FAKER HAS GONE WITH MY HAIR ---
I MEAN WITH THE WIND, BUT I'LL
CATCH UP TO HIM!

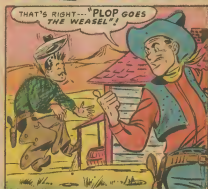
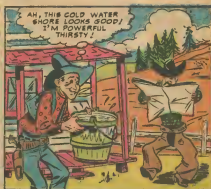
7 THERE HE IS!

YUH GUARANTEED THAT HARGROWER! NOW
WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK OR WE'LL RIP
YUH AND YORE OFFICE TO SHREDS!

JUMPING BUTTERBALLS! I HAVE TO CATCH DIGBY BEFORE THEY CATCH ME, OR I'LL NOT ONLY HAVE LOST MY HAIR, BUT MY HIDE, TOO! I'LL HEAD FOR THE HILLS! MAYBE I CAN GIVE THEM THE SLIP RUNNING UP ONE OF THE SLOPES!



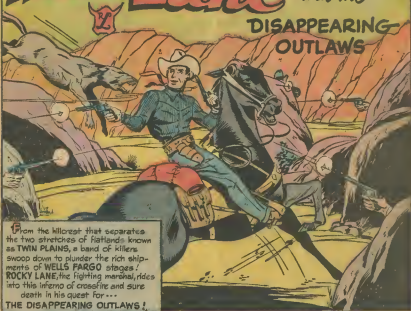




REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

and the
**DISAPPEARING
OUTLAWS**



From the killcrest that separates the two stretches of flatlands known as TWIN PLAINS, a band of killers swoop down to plunder the rich shipments of WELLS FARGO stages! ROCKY LANE, the fighting marshal, rides into this inferno of crossfire and sure death in his quest for...

THE DISAPPEARING OUTLAWS!

ON DIAMOND POCKET, AT THE MAIN OFFICE OF WELLS FARGO---

I'VE SENT FOR YOU, ROCKY, BECAUSE THE RUTHLESS MURDERS OF OUR GUARDS MUST STOP AND SO MUST OUR GOLD LOSSES OR WELLS FARGO WILL BE RUINED!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST GIVE ME ALL THE DETAILS!



THE OUTLAWS OPERATE IN THE TWIN PLAINS REGION! WELLS FARGO'S RUN IS ON THE BROTHER PLAINS! SEPARATED BY A HILL-CREST IS THE SISTER PLAINS, WHICH IS BORDERED BY GORGE MOUNTAIN! LAWMEN HAVE PURSUED THE BANDITS INTO GORGE MOUNTAIN ONLY TO FIND THEY'VE BEEN TRAILING RIDERLESS MOUNTS! SOMEWHERE ON THE WAY THE OUTLAWS DISAPPEAR!



WHAT ABOUT THE ENTIRE AREA HAS BEEN COMBED FOR FOOTPRINTS! THE BANDITS SEEM TO DISMOUNT INTO THE AIR!

BROTHER PLAINS

SISTER PLAINS

GORGE MT.



SIX GUN HEROES

THIS HOUSE OVERLOOKS THE TWIN PLAINS AND IS JUST ABOVE A NARROW DIVIDE THAT LINKS BOTH PLAINS. WHO LIVES THERE?

AN EX-WELLS FARGO GUARD WHO IS A BLIND, DEAF MUTE, THE RESULTS OF GUNWOUNDS SUFFERED WHILE ON A RUN YEARS AGO! HIS NAME IS LT HOWARD!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, ROCKY! LT'S PLACE IS A PERFECT LOOKOUT SPOT! THE SHERIFF TRIED THAT AND STAYED WITH LT FOR WEEKS WATCHING THE AREA, BUT THE OUTLAWS NEVER CAME!

THEN THEY WERE INFORMED!



PERHAPS, OR IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN COINCIDENCE! DIAMOND COUNTY'S LAWMEN HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO, THAT IS WHY WELLS FARGO HAS ASKED YOU TO TAKE OVER THIS PARTICULAR JOB! OUR STAGE IS DUE OUT NOW, SO GOOD LUCK, ROCKY!

THANK YOU, SIR! I'LL DO MY BEST TO CORRAL THOSE DISAPPEARING OUTLAWS!



LATER, AS ROCKY AND THE WELLS FARGO STAGE RIDE THE ARID TRAIL OF ONE OF THE TWIN PLAINS --

LOOK, ROCKY! SOME HOMBRE IS WOUNDED UP AHEAD!

KEEP YOUR GUNS READY! IT MIGHT BE A TRICK!



THIS POOR HOMBRE IS REALLY WOUNDED!



AS ROCKY DISMOUNTS TO AID THE WOUNDED MAN --

TAKE CARE OF THE STAGE GUARDS, BOYS, TWO OF YOU STAY HERE TO HELP ME COVER ROCKY LANE AND GET THE GOLD SHIPMENT!

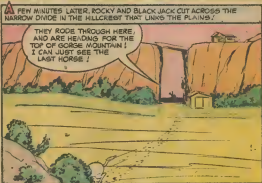


TOO BAD WE HAD TO WOUND THAT HOMBRE TO MAKE THE GREAT ROCKY LANE FALL INTO OUR TRAP!



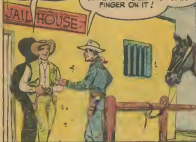
SIX GUN HEROES





LATER... SO YUH DIDN'T SUCCEED IN TRACKING THEM DOWN, EITHER, ROCKY?

I TRAILED THEM TO GORSE MOUNTAIN, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THERE'S SOMETHING OUT-OF-PLACE ALONG THAT HILLCREST, SHERIFF, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MY FINGER ON IT!



I'VE SEARCHED THAT AREA WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB, ROCKY! SAY, SOME OF THE BOYS AND I ARE RIDING OUT THAT WAY COME MORNING, WITH RANCHER COLLINS' PRYROLL! WANT TO COME ALONG?

THANKS, SHERIFF! I WILL!



THAT'S A RUNAWAY WAGON HEADING THIS WAY!

THAT'S LIT HOWARD IN HIS BUCKBOARD! HE CAN'T SEE OR HEAR! HE'LL BE KILLED!

WAIT! THAT CON-POKE IS GOING TO TRY TO STOP THEM!



REACHING THE RUNAWAY WAGON, ROCKY MAKES A DARING LEAP!



THAT FELLA IS CALMING THOSE HOSSES DOWN AS IF THEY WERE KITTENS!

THAT GOS LIT, NOT KNOWING HOW CLOSE HE CAME TO DEATH!

WHOA, BOYS! TAKE IT EASY!



LATER--

YUH SHORE SAVED LIT'S LIFE, ROCKY! ALTHOUGH HE'LL NEVER KNOW ABOUT IT!



WAS THAT HIS SEEING-EYE DOG WITH HIM, SHERIFF?

YES! THE FEW TIMES LIT HAS COME TO TOWN FOR PROVISIONS, THAT DOG HAS SHOWN KILLER INSTINCTS! HE'S A VICIOUS ANIMAL! MORE OF A KILLER THAN SEEING-EYE DOG! BECAUSE OF THIS, FOLKS HAVE COME TO CALL LIT, THE WOLF MAN!



SIX GUN HEROES

THE NEXT MORNING ---

THE COLLINS RANCH IS ABOUT TWO MILES FROM HERE, ROOKY! WELL, FARGO USES THE BROTHER PLANS FOR THEIR RUN CAUSE THE SISTER PLANS CROSSES COLLINS' GRAZING GROUNDS! LOOK! THAT'S LT SITTING ON HIS PORCH!

ON OUR RETURN, SHERIFF, I'M RIDING THE BROTHER PLANS! I'M STILL PUZZLED ABOUT THAT AREA!

SUDDENLY.....

HERE THEY COME, BOYS! PUT YORE MASKS ON AND THEN STAMPEDE COLLINS' CATTLE AT THEM!

COLLINS' COWBOYS MUST BE LOCO FIRING THEIR GUNS! THEY'RE STAMPEDING THE HERD!

QUICK, SHERIFF! TURN YOUR HORSE TO THE LEFT AND RIDE FOR THE HILLCREST!

THOSE HOMBRES ARENT COLLINS' MEN! THEY'RE OUTLAWS!

THEY PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT THE RY-ROLL YOU'RE CARRYING IN YOUR SADDLE BAG! RIDE AHEAD OF ME, SHERIFF, BEFORE THEY SHOOT YOUR HORSE FROM UNDER YOU! THAT SEEMS TO BE THEIR AIM!

OH HHHH! MY CHEST!



I GOT THE SHERIFF'S HOSS! NOW I'LL CUT THROUGH THE HERD AND GRAB HIS SADDLE BAG! OWWW! MY WRIST!

JUST BE THANKFUL I DON'T SHOOT TO KILL! NOW I'D BETTER REACH THE SHERIFF BEFORE HE'S TRAMPLED UNDER!



TAD CUT THROUGH THE HERD AND HIT THAT SADDLE BAG FROM THE SHERIFF'S HOSS!



I GOT ONE OF THE CRITTERS, BUT THAT DOESN'T BRING BACK TWO OF MY BEST DEPUTIES! I'LL NOT REST, ROCKY, UNTIL THAT BAND SWINGS FROM A TREE!

OWWH!
MY ARM!

FORGOT YORE
ARM AND GRAB THE
SADDLE BAG!



SHERIFF,
YOU'RE
WOUNDED!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
ROCKY! JUST MY
HAND!



TAKE CARE OF THAT HAND,
SHERIFF! I'M RIDING AFTER
THOSE OWLHOOTS!

I WISH I HAD ME A HOSS,
ROCKY! BUT BOTH OF US
CAN'T RIDE ONE HOSS, IT
WOULD SLOW US UP! GOOD
HUNTING!

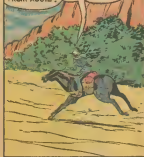


A FEW SECONDS LATER--

BLACK JACK! I'VE GOT IT!
THAT SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN
DISTURBING ME ISN'T ON THE
BROTHER PLAINS AS I THOUGHT!
IT'S RIGHT HERE ON THE SISTER
PLAINS AND IT'S
LIT'S SHACK!



WE'D BETTER RIDE CLOSE TO THE
HILLCREST SO THAT THE SHRUBS
ALONG HERE WILL SCREEN US
FROM ABOVE!



THE OUTLAWS' HORSES PRINTS
LEAD INTO GORSE MOUNTAIN
AGAIN, YET THE BLOOD SPOTS
THAT DOT THE PLAINS ALL THE
WAY DOWN SEEM TO STOP HERE AT
LIT'S SHED! I'M POSITIVE THAT IF
I RIDE AFTER THOSE HORSES, I'LL
FIND MYSELF FOLLOWING EMPTY
SADDLES AGAIN!



WHY WOULD SOMEONE
BUILD SUCH A TALL, WIDE
SHED! BUT THE STRANGEST
PART IS THAT THIS SHED FOR
A WIDTH OF FOUR FEET, HAS
BEEN BUILT OF PARTICULARLY
STRONG TIMBER!



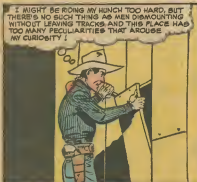
THIS SHED IS MUCH SMALLER FROM THE INSIDE THAN FROM THE OUTSIDE DIMENSIONS; THAT MEANS, THAT THERE IS ANOTHER ROOM AT THE SIDE OF THIS SHED!



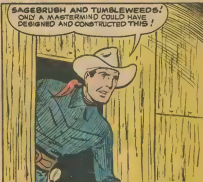
THERE IS A ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE. I CAN TELL BY THE HOLLOW SOUND! THERE ISN'T AN ENTRANCE FROM HERE AND IT EVIDENTLY DOESN'T OPEN FROM OUTSIDE!



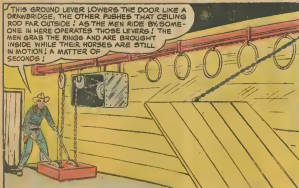
I MIGHT BE DOING MY HUNCH TOO HARD, BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS MEN DISMOUNTING WITHOUT LEAVING TRACKS AND THIS PLACE HAS TOO MANY PECULIARITIES THAT AROUSE MY CURIOSITY!



SAGEBRUSH AND TUMBLEWEEDS! ONLY A MASTERMIND COULD HAVE DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED THIS!

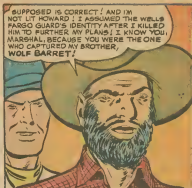


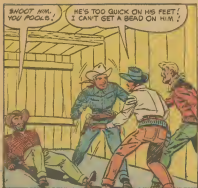
THIS GROUND LEVER LOWERS THE DOOR LIKE A DRAWBRIDGE, THE OTHER PUSHES THAT CEILING ROOF FAR OUTSIDE! AS THE MEN RIDE BY, SOMEONE IN HERE OPERATES THOSE LEVERS! THE MEN GRAB THE RINGS AND ARE BROUGHT INSIDE WHILE THEIR HORSES ARE STILL IN MOTION! A MATTER OF SECONDS!



IS IT HOWARD THE GENIUS THAT DESIGNED THIS OR IS HE JUST A FRONT?







OH, MY MOTHER
WARNED ME NEVER
TO GO OUT ON
A LIMB!

